

THE  
Maltster's Daughter of Malborough:  
CONTAINING  
A pleasant Discourse between her Mother and she,  
ABOUT

The weary Burthen of a Maid, her Maiden head : Concluding with the Mother's Consent to the Daughter's Satisfaction.

To the Tune of, *The Bitter Boy's Lark*.



**M**other let me Marry, I long to be a Bride,  
And have a lusty young Man to dally by my side,  
For I think it is well known, that I am a Woman grown,  
Therefore 'tis pity one so pritty e'er should lye alone ;  
Do not deny me therefore I pray,  
Consider I am young and may chance to go a stray ;  
*My Maiden head, I'll swear, does fill my Heart with Care,*  
*The Burthen, Burthen, oh ! the Burthen's more than I can bear.*

Why art thou so eag... to be a marry'd Wife,  
The greatest joy and pleasure is in a single Life ;  
Daughter, now you live at ease, and can ramble where you please,  
But if you Marry, you must tarry, Sorrows will you seize,  
House-keeping's chargable, my dear Child,  
But Nanny she reply'd, Mother I am almost wild ;  
*My Maiden-head, I'll swear, does fill my Heart with Care,*  
*The Burthen, Burthen, oh ! the Burthen's more than I can bear.*

Am I not a Beauty, and in my blooming Prime,  
Then let me have a Husband, for sure it is high time ;  
Leave them my Heart's delight, tho' I labour day and night,  
It would be pleasure out of measure, Mother, if I might

Have all the Richest that e're I saw,  
Without a loving Man I'd not value of a straw;  
*My Maiden-head, I'll swear, does fill my Heart with Care,*  
*The Burthen, Burthen, &c.*

Daughter don't provoke me, but hold your idle Tongue,  
And talk no more of Man, you are seven Years to young.  
Mother, pray what do you mean? am I not above fifteen?  
Let Gallants try me, don't deny me, thousands I have seen  
Who has been Marry'd before my Age,  
And if I longer stay, you'll put me in a rage,  
*My Maiden-head, I'll swear, does fill my Heart with Care,*  
*The Burthen, Burthen, &c.*

Daughter I was nineteen before I e're did wed,  
Yet was not ever-burthen'd with my dear Maiden-head.  
Ling Mother that may be, but it's other wise with me  
That brisk and airy, therefore weary of Virginity,  
*Cupid has gave me a fatal Wound,*  
Therefore a Man I'll have if he be above the Ground,  
*My Maiden-head, &c.*  
*The Burthen, Burthen, &c.*

If you are so pomper'd, I'll pull your courage down  
By hard and painful labour, Strip off your silken gown,  
With your Toppings rich and gay, to the Field this very day  
I'll send you packing, cloath'd in Sacking, then perhaps you may  
Leave off your longing for a young Man.  
No, no, I never shall, then reply'd her Daughter Nan,  
*My Maiden-head, &c.*

*The Burthen, Burthen, &c.*

Mother, if you send me to labour in the Field,  
Young Bachelors will tempt me, and I perhaps may yield  
To the thing I will not name, therefore never lay the blame  
Upon your Daughter, if hereafter I should play the Game;  
For I am certain it will be so,  
A Man I needs must have whether Mother will or no,  
*My Maiden-head, &c.*

*The Burthen, &c.*

If you are resolved to play at Hoopers-hide,  
There's honest Frank the Farmer for you I will provide,  
He is lusty, tall and trim, and has Courage to the brim.  
I thank you, Mother, there's no other that I love like him;  
Now for the Torment which I endure,  
I make no other doubt but to have a speedy Cure,  
*My Maiden-head, I'll swear, does fill my Heart with care,*

*Now, not much longer, not much longer I'll that Burthen bear.*

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